CONSOLATION.

Pale grief came in and dwelt with me,
—I said: "Unbidden guest, then art
Not welcome;" said she: "Verily
Thou and I will never part."

My head was bowed with weight of woe, My heart was trembling with its fears, I could not see the way to go, So blinded were my eyes with tears,

And every thing we med mocking me, The golden glory of the sun: And singing birds, and humming bee, I wished the weary duy were done

When evening shades did softly fall, I sat within my lonely room, I sat within my lonely room, I seemed to hear a dear voice call Gently to me through the gloom.

Grief fled away, e'en as to me The message came that solace brought; All sorrow banished utterly. For a diviner strain I caught.

It sweetly said: "Heart, he of cheer, Where love perfected casts out fear, I wait for you, I wait for you. -Neille C. Tucker, in Christian at Work,

DR. JOHN AND L.

How Our Little Misunderstanding Was Finally Settled.

Dr. John is so provoking! He will insist that the beginning of it all was my singing; that my voice was to him as a beacon in the darkness, and led him to me, and then the moon came out and showed him my face, and his heart gave a thump that sealed his fate.

The idea! I say it was all on account of a thunder-storm. If there hadn't been a storm that spread black darkness over all the roads he never would have lost his way, and I never would have disgraced the whole family by sitting out in the pagoda at almost midnight. And if there had been no storm I never would have felt like singing; with mother lying sick in bed up at the house. Of course, he just insists to tease me because I have no more voice than a mosquite. And it is only when there is a great noise about me that I feel as though I could sing in a way to make the clouds send back the echoes.

Now you can side with whichever of us you happen to like best-with me or my great brown-bearded tyrant. The only thing for you to know is that we had never seen each other before. That I had been closely confined to my mother's sick-room all day and so could not resist the tempting gale that shook the trees and made the old house trembla. Wrapping up closely, I stole out to t little pageda way off behind the a bard, and here with the whirling

loaves and the crashing thunder, shouted out at the top of my voice, of all things, La. la. la." were my words, and I won't be certain that the tune was recogniza ble; but, anyhow, just as a highly tri-umphant peal of thunder and voice crashed out together, the moon tore a big black cloud in tatters and threw her light on a man who stood directly in front of me. There is nothing at all heroic about me, but I have never been afraid of any thing; and he had his back to the light, so I could not see his face He came forward a step or two and again

wawere in total larkness.
"I beg your pardon," said he. "There is nothing to be afraid of. My name is John Brownlow. I am a stranger in these parts and could not find my way in the dark. I heard your voice, and guided by it, reached here. Will you be so kind as to direct me to Mrs. Brown-low's? Ah, here come the first drops of It is too bad: but I am afraid I shall have to beg your permission to stay here for to-night-unless my mother's house is not far distant."

It was a long speech for a stranger to "You are Dr. Brownlow?" I said. "Then you are not such a stranger to me. Your mother is a very dear friend of ours. It is impossible for you to find the way to-night, so, if you will, you had better stay with us until the morning. O, no, there will be no inconvenience whatever.'

So we started off together, and every now and then I would stumble. It was dreadfully awkward, and for the first time in my life I felt what embarrass

"I think you had better take my arm." It was the first word spoken, and we were half-way to the house. So I took it and felt more at ease, and then I told him how I happened to be out in the middle of the night. I expected him to be awfully shocked, but he only laughed helped me over a big branch that had fallen across the path.

The rain began to fall in earnest now, and then—ye shades of propriety!—I and a man whom I had never seen before started off on a solid run. And he dared to take out of his pocket a great big table-cloth of a handkerchief, and throwand there was something so very-well, almost paternal-about the whole thing

Dr. John insisted on seeing mother very night, and begged that he ht prescribe for her and come to see She really needed medical advice, d turned a deaf ear to all my en-Mother could not, however, resist the kind, strong man that bent above her, and consented to his request.

After that, somehow, it did not seem to so tight I can't raise my arm two inches. be so very sad to have mother sick, and I took to putting my front hair up in curl-papers—a perfectly useless piece of labor, for I had the fuffest bang that grew in all the country bound.

Dr. John came every day, and mother improved visibly. When the time came for her to be up and about once more, I Dr. John as we did so was a little startled to fir what a wonderful demand her illne had made on way over on the other my ribbons and ruchings, for only a pile keep your hands to yourself! Now, Tom, of crumpled and soiled ones met my eye. no cheating." The pin bent and I had

frequently about my absent-mindedness. I would blush very bard all the while she was speaking, and then rush upstairs into my room and weep my eyes came to claim the next dance. Under red over a dainty blue satin box that contained the relics of five or six sus-rights."

I had not been shedding tears at the shrine of blue satin unrequited. I had run over to Mrs. Brownlew's with a basket of fresh laid eggs and mother's compliments, and found the old lady compliments, and found the old lady complements, and found the old lady busily mending away at a torn gray coat. I put the basket on the table, forgot what I came for, and remarked that it was a warm day. I had on a light shawl think I'll stay here. Tell my next partner where to find me."

I denced as much as ever, and was very and the fire crackled merrily on Mrs. Brownlow's hearth. She looked at me over her specks and I looked steadily

aover forgets," So up I went, slowly, step by step, feeling as though I were walking on my

head. I hated to go near his room, and yet I longed to see it. What if he should come home and find me in it! The thought lent wings to my feet, and in a moment I stood before the desk. On its smooth, polished top lay the buton, and I laid my fingers on it. The desk was open and a number of papers and thick books lay scattered about on it, and as my eyes fell downward I came as near fainting as I have ever done in my life. "Percy, Percy, Percy," scrib-bled all over a visiting card and John entirely scratched out! I snatched the button and flew down stairs. I did not hear a word dear old Mrs. Brownlow said after that. All I could think of was the card that lay on Dr. John's desk and of a large sheet of paper that lay at home in my bureau drawer with "Dr. John Brownlow," and—and sometimes a very feminine substitute for "doctor" written all over it in my own irregular chirography. There seemed to be pins and needles in the chair in which I sat. and I never knew how I got out of the house. I only came to after I had carefully torn up and burned, bit by bit, the

paper I had treasured for so long.
Dr. John came over the next day, and we went off together for a walk. He gave me a great deal of highly instructive information about some flowers I had picked, calling them by all sorts of inomprehensible Latin names, and I said yes and no like an ignorant school girl, and was evidently expecting to find something in the road. We were coming back, and suddenly he stopped talking. There was a dreadful pause. Like a nin-ny, I could think of nothing to say, and at the same moment exactly I stooped to the right side of the road and pulled a reed, and he stooped to the left side of the road and pulled a reed, and then we ooth laughed a little and blushed a great

deal and walked on. "Percy." The name sounded very sweet and my heart beat madly, after stopping for a moment. "What is the The name sounded very use of all this? You know mother told ne she sent you up for that button yes-

there? He paused for an answer, but we kept on walking. I could not have stopped for the world. "Yes." "Percy, sweetheart, you were not

He took my hand in a simple fashion and tried to see my eyes. I turned my head away. "No."

He put his arm around me-his great strong arm-and drew me gently to him. "I love you. Little girl, will you tell him above my very life, ah, then al would have been well!

I lost my head completely. With a wild cry I broke from him and rushed down the road, never stopping until I reached the back stoop of our house. He was not far behind me and I waited until he came up.

after we had stood side by side for a long time. His tone was just as always, only there was a ring of sadness in it that went straight to my heart and sent the het tears to my eyes. I knew he had not understood me at all, and, indeed, it would have been a difficult matter for any one to have done that. I was not wanted! responsible for any thing I might do today. I loved him, and he had said "I you," and I was foolishly ashamed and gloriously happy. I just threw my arms around his neck and looked into his loving eyes and kissed the dear lips,

and then I slammed the door in his face and flew to take refuge with my old blue-satin friend. The next evening there was a ball at Mayor Wentworth's. Tom Woods was going to take me. He was an old friend of mine, the only one of all the many men with whom I had tried to "be friends," who had not made love to me. I liked him heartily, and we had grown intimately friendly. Dr. John would not be able to come until late in the even ing; but, though he did not dance, I had

promised, a long time ago, to save a dance and sit it out with him. At last he came and smiled in a happy and coning it over my head, calmly knotted two tented way, when I showed him the of its ends under my chin. Of course, I dance that I had saved; it came just was going to be angry, but he just after a galop with Tom Woods. Tom caught my arm and started off again, was one of those splendid but violent dancers who always manage to get some thing about them unhitched or dishas I changed my mind and laughed ordered. We had not gone round the stead. burst of uncontrollable laughter.

> "O, Tom, for pity's sake, come outside Your cravat is skating round on your ollar, to inspect the back of your head."
> "O, bother, never mind though, that's all right. Wo'll just finish this dance, if you please, and then you can fix it for Vanitas vanitatum, ta ra ta, whatever it

> unseen. Tom knew of a little balcony outside one of the windows, and we quickly made our way there, passing by

"Give me a pin. Now put your head way over on the other side. Look here, There was nothing very disappointing about the reflections in which I indulged as I sorted them overaged picked out the most respectable looking. The summer passed quickly away, and although Dr. John had come to pay his the window and Dr. John stepped out mother "only a flying visit," somehow he stayed on, and autumn came and found him still at Silver Brooks and at then the handsome face was distorted by an expression of the bitterest scorn. our house very often. I was a silly in the semi-darkness he could see that young thing, and mother scolded very my arms were upraised to Tom's neck and that our heads were very near.

"I beg pardon. It was not my inten-tion to intrude or interrupt. I merely

pictously familiar withered nosegays. "Hang the man," burst out Tom, as is the A day came which coavinced me that soon as Dr. John stepped back into the nal,

room. "What can he mean? He—sh ha! ha! ba! that's a good joke. The idea of our spooning, Percy—you and I. He was in dead exruest, too. Well, come inside. There's one good thing

specks and I looked steadily window while I untied my talkative going home. I did not cry at all, but lay quite still and wide awake all night. The next morning I did not look tired, either. I had a glorious color, bonnet strings.
"O," she said, when she had looked at me closely for half a minute, "you have been running, I see by your red face, so of course you are warm."

all night. The next morning I did not look tired, either. I had a glorious color, and my eyes were unusually bright. Two days later I lay unconscious with a consuming fever. Those were sad times for mother, and there were days when consuming fever. Those were sad times for mother, and there were days when three-quarters of an hour to "run" a she held my hands in hers and breath-After awhile she found she needed a button that John had told her lay in his room on top of had desk.

"Just run up and get it for me, there's a dear! It will be right on top, for John never forgets."

"Just run up and get it for me, there's a dear! It will be right on top, for John never forgets."

"Just run up and get it for me, there's a dear! It will be right on top, for John never forgets."

"Just run up and get it for me, there's a day-break. For the rest of the time is a sharply a procupation. When I was a sharply a procupation. was simply unconscious. When I was getting better, mother told me Dr. John had been kind, as only such a dear heart could be, and kept her courage up un-flaggingly with his hopes and reliance on my strong constitution. She also told me incidentally that Silver Brooks air did not seem to be agreeing with him, he had grown so pale and thin.

As for myself I was shocked when I saw the changes disease had made in me. Every body called me the prettiest girl in Silver Brooks, and, though far from being vain, still I found a good deal of satisfaction in the bright rosy image reflected in my looking-glass. But now my skin was of a dazzling whiteness, and my eyes seemed to be all over my face, while the light played almost mysteriously on my yellow hair,

"The purty dear," old Mother Gerkins had said, wiping the tears out of her eyes with her apron. "The purty dear! Ah, but she's like the angel in the picthure in the chur-ruch."

As soon as I was out of danger Dr. ohn's visits ceased. Weeks passed befor I saw him again, and then we only net and bowed politely and passed on And so it happened many times, and the low summer dragged on again until October.

I was sitting in my room one day. writing to a distant friend, when I saw the Brownlow man servant coming in at the gate. How it happened I do not know. In a firm, clear hand was written on a fresh sheet of paper:

"Dr. John, please come to see me." And I rose, still without a thought, and making my way down stairs, gave it to the man (he had come on a message o mother) with the request to deliver tright away.

In the evening when the sun had set I wandered down into the garden to cut some roses that were rich and sweet with the dew of twilight. Mother had gone out to a neighbor's, and it was onely in the house

I had stooped down low to train a tender vine that was straying about for support, and when I rose, Dr. John stood beside me.

"You wanted me, so I came," His voice was richer, sweeter tha ever, and came to me like manna in th desert. I had not realized before how hungry I was for the sound of it.

"Yes, yes: that is, I—" My hands groped blindly for my head, and pressed it firmly between them. A bewildering sense of it all came over me-of all I had suffered, unjustly, yet through my own fault. Had I but told him that day when I kissed him that he was all the world to me, that I loved

"John, oh Dr. John, it has all been a mistake-right from the very first. .
love you, only you-with all my strengtl -with all my strength-I love you.

I guess we were both a little insanfor the next half hour. Anyhow, sign language was enough for us just ther and neither spoke a word. "But Tom Woods?" asked my grea big-hearted lover, with a little furror

down the middle of his forehead. I laughed a little, and cried a littl and-and-well, I don't care if I did kis him. I guess I had all the right

both been so proud, it would have com right long ago. That night when-whe you found us two together on-on th balcony-John, please don't look at m I can't tell it at all, if you do-John, we have been so very foolish, bo of us. I-I was only pinning his crava

John. Dr. John looked for a moment though he did not at all understand, a then our eyes met, and we laughed neither of us had laughed for a year, or even in our lives, perhaps. And well we might laugh, for there had been sadness enough. I found out, too, that lovers don't mind pauses in the lear', and a great while elapsed before Dr. "Little girl.

I looked up at him, and smiled an hook my head.

"Little woman," I corrected "Ah, yes, little woman. But is it my ittle woman—my own?" he said. I gave him sufficient proof that he had little wo

not guessed wrong, and on a lovely day in the new year Dr. John and I wer married. I have found out since that he is dreadful tease, and he makes me give in

to him in every thing. But the only real "difference" we have ever had was when we were going to name baby. I was mad for five minutes, and thenwell-what can I do? When I am angry Dr. John just kisses me, and "it takes two to quarrel," you know.—Richard Dare, in Leed's Mercury.

Latest Styles in Pans.

Fans usually match the gown in color, and are in great variety. The most beautiful, and naturally the most costly, are those made of ostrich and marabout feathers combined, with sticks of pearl, amber or shell. Nothing has yet been devised more graceful and elegant, especially when in the color of the gown. There is nothing in Paris more attractive than the show windows of a certain manufacturer of fans on one of the boulevards. There is an arrangement of steps on which to exhibit these dainty covered with delicate lace over satin the color or the fans to be exhibited; one day they are all pale green, another all pale blue, another mauve, and another red and gold and black. There are feather fans of every possible description, lace fans, lisse tans with open work pearls sticks, all hand painted, as are the spaces between them, and fans made of net and ribbons. Fans made in the shape of leaves, of flowers and of butterflies all vie with each other for popularity. As an additional indication of the progress of good taste the medium is the proper size.—Ladies' home Jour-nal. MATCHED TEAMS

Value-Haw to Match Horses-The Business & Science in Itself. The value of well-matched teams over carelossly matched, especially carriage teams, is not generally given much in-telligent thought. The matter was very

clearly placed before me recently, says

M. L. Hines in National Stockman.
"I want to show you one of a span of "I want to show you one of a span of horses which I have purchased. If you have time now come around to the stable. It's but a step." Thus spoke a friend, a prosperous jeweler, who has a great love for and good understanding of trotters are roadstors. Going to the stable I was lown a grandly built bay, with straight back, clean limbs, a fine head and beautiful black mane and tall. "If I can mate this fellow I can sell the "If I can mate this fellow I can sell the span for a thousand easily," said the jeweler. "But where is his mate? You said you had purchased a span." I was then given a little lesson in

The span in question had been purchased by a wealthy woman, whose coachman knew nothing of the art of handling horses. The span were of the same weight, stood the same height, and had the same black points. They called a well-matched span, but they were not. The one possessed they were not. The one possessed a straight back; the other's was inclined to "sway." One was four inches longer from center of the breast to tail than his mate, and as for their heads they were different in outline. Then the mate to the one shown me was, previous to being matched driven single, and when sold had not been accustomed to the double harness. The coachman knew so little of his business that he could not make the horse keep in place. The horse was cranky and nervous, and the natural

Of course after that the woman offered the span for sale. She had paid \$700 to cold cash for them and accepted of eweler \$400 worth of diamonds for them. He saw they were poorly matched, and sold the poorer one to a grocer for \$250 and kept the better. He is now on the lookout for a perfect mate, and as be has a standing offer of \$1,000 for the span, once he gets a satisfactory mate, he can afford to pay \$400 for such a horse and make a handsome profit.

Matching horses is a science of itself. It is not enough to get horses of the same general looks, if first-class prices are wanted. It took a friend and myself a year to find just the mate for a handsome carriage horse. In the meantime we saw hundreds of animals of which fifty might have been selected that would make fair mates. In matching, the eye of the true horseman is sufficient, but the inexperienced must depend a good deal on the tape line. Measare from the top of the head to withers, from this point to the top of the hips from here to the root of the tail. Measure the length of the legs from joint to joint, the length of the head, the distance between cars and eyes, the circumference of the body over the withers and around the flanks. Then measure the distance to the ground from the top of the head when elevated to its full extent, and don't forget to measure the After these measurements have been satisfied see if the horses are matched in gait. If not try to overcome the difficulty, for that is an important matter. Once get a pair well matched and you will not hunt for a purchaser.

A HUSKING HORSE.

An Excellent Device That Saves Both Time and Labor. I send you a sketch of a husking horse I am using, writes a contributor to Farm and Home. It is strong, light and handy. Fig. 1 shows a side view, and Fig. 2 the top. It is ten feet long and thirty-four-mehes wide. Legs two The side pieces are of 1x4 inch stuff, cross pieces the same, and legs 1x6 inch stuff, tapered. Legs are bolted or nailed to side pieces; cross-



pieces morticed in; legs braced to side rails. I put a thin board on top to keep fodder from sagging through. My mode of husking corn from the shock is as follows: I put two hands to each team and wagon, with high side boards on right hand side of wagon box, and a small box fastened to the left side of wagon box between the wheels,

We place a whole shock of corn on the husking-horse at a time, and throw the merchantable corn in the wagon, and the small nubbins, damaged cars and seed cars in the small box. I bundle and tie my fodder in small bundles and my them to one side, and then pass the next shock. I claim by following this plan that I can do the work better, easier and save the fodder better than by any other way; and by husking direct into the wagon, I have my husked corn every night in the crib, and save having to pick it up off the ground. Sorting it at the time of husking is quite a saving of time. I always place

my seed corn where it will dry out and not freeze, and I always have good, strong

I wish to add one thing more in favor of husking direct into the wagen instead of throwing the corn on t ground. I save all the corn that shelled off in husking, which is lost by throwing the corn on the ground. Furthermore, the picking up of the corn is a back-nche job and a disagreeable job, too, when a snow or rain has fallen on it

Dried Japanese Persimmon Very few people, says the San Franthat the Japanese persimmen, when dried, is one of the most delicious fruits imaginable. Those who are acquainted with this fruit know that it must be fully ripe when picked, otherwise the flavor will not be what it should. But the perfectly rips persimmon is difficult of handling without damage, and there-fore considerable loss is apt to result. Experiments made, however, show that the Japanese persimmon may be used as readily as a fig. which, indeed, it rereadily as a fig. which, indeed, it re-sembles in appearance after being cured. The dried persimmon has a very meaty, pleasant taste, and will, undoubtedly, as soon as its excellence becomes known, take a prominent place among table delicacies. The persimmon ought also to make a very acceptable glace fruit, and a good profit swalls the man who shall take advantage of these hints and prepare this product for market in pleas-ing shape. AFRAID OF WATER.

Chinamen Evidently Do Not Belleve That Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness. The Chinese, themselves, have none of the fastidious cleanliness about them of the people of Japan. They are satis-fied with baths during the summer, and fied with baths during the summer, and their winter ablutions are confined to the rubbing off of the face and neck with a flannel rag dipped in warm water. They sleep at night in the same clothes which they have used during the day-time, and the water they drink is befouled with the sewerage. It is a wonder that the whole of the Chinese capital is not periodically cleaned out by typhoid fever. Such drains as there are are tisually open, and the slope of the household are often sprinkled over the streets in front of the lioure in order to lay the dust. This makes tile dust of Peking the vilest dust that can be doffecived, and it fills the air in the sumceived, and it fills the air in the sum-mer with foulness. The town has no water-works, and clean water is sold at

the rate of about a quarter of a cent :

Coming from Japan, as I did, I was forcibly struck by this attribute of the Chinese. The Japanese are, without doubt, the cleanest people of the world. They bathe all over two or three times a day, and their baths are always taken in the hottest of hot water. They wash their teeth and rinse out their mouth after every meal, and both their house and their person are as clean as a Dutch floor on a Sunday morning. The Chinese pay little attention to keeping their homes clean, and you will find the best of mansions greasy and dirty. If one could get inside the palace itself I doubt not that he would have to pick his way in going through the streets going to the various buildings, and in the house of the common people you will find dirt in every corner of the room, and at meals the floor about the table will be covered with scraps of food and grease-spots. The Japanese clothing is as clean as the skins of the people who wear it. That of the Chinese is just the reverse. You will see costly silk gowns in the most delicate colors of blue and in the most delicate colors of blue said light yellows with great long greass spots running from the nape of the neck half way down the back, which have been made by oily cues resting against them. When I called on Hi Hung Chang I noticed that the collar of his cilk govern was greasy, and his long silk silk gown was greasy, and his long silk sleeves looked like those of a butcher. It was the same with other Chines mandarins whom I saw, and the common people were even worse than the darins .- F. G. Carpenter, in National

BE-COVERING CHAIRS.

Work that Can Be Done by Housewive as Well as by Upholsterers. It was a large, expensive chair, with springs all over it that needed righting up, and a new cover. Did we do the up holstering? Wo did, and it looks like first-class workmanship. How did we go to work? Well, in the first place we ripped off the cord, buttons and cover; very carefully noting how all was put together. The memory part is very sential. Next we smoothed out the

cover and measured it. Jute is quite inexpensive, pretty, and said to be durable. It is fifty-two inches wide, and a medium quality can be bought for sixty-five cents a yard. The springs were out of place in the seat and arms, so the cotton cloth cover was cut open and the springs tied down. An inholsterer's needle will be necessary one a quarter of a yard long and straight, being best—the kind used in tying mattresses. Put each piece of the old cover on to the wrong side of the new material and pin them together exactly where each button went; then turn and tie, in a contrasting color of thread, where the pins are. This will show you exactly where to put the buttons. Upon the accuracy of this part dependeth much.

I forgot to mention that we did not remove the covering on the back side of the chair. Find the length of string required to put through the buttons and tie firmly. Cut as many lengths as needed and string a button on each. Cover the back first. Two will do the work easier than one. Supposing there are two, one sits behind the chair, the cover is held in place and the needle nut through each place where the thread is to the corresponding place caught down in the chair by the one in front, then pulled through and handed back, threaded again and pushed through, then tied by the one behind, while the one in front threads and puts the needle through again.

After the deferent pieces are buttoned down, put on the outside part, then the puif, which I plaited and overcast bepuif, which I plaited and overcast beforehand, lastly the cord. Of course one
who does not study economy de se not
try upholstering. If the ecrd is not worn
it will look as well as new by coloring
it. Buttons, too, can be covered; in that
case a string could not be drawn through
them and one must use very coarse linethread, double, and put it through the
buttons with an ordinary needle, in two
different places. The four threads can
be threaded very easily into an upholsterer's needle and ticd.—Aunt Maggie,
in Household. in Household.

-The natives of Alaska are a cold and distant people. - Philadelphia Inquirer

THE MARKETS.

ST. LOUIS,
COTTON—Middling
BEEVES—Export Steers
Shipping
HOGS—Common to Select
SHEEP—Fair to Choice.
FLOUR—Patents
AXX to Choice.
FLOUR—Patents
CORN—No. 2 Mixed
OATS—No. 2
TOBACCO—Lugs (Missouri)
HAY—Choice Timothy
BUITER—Choice Dairy
EGGS—Fresh
PORK—Standard Mess
BACON—Clear Rib
LARD—Prime Steam ST. LOUIS. 2 50 5 30 9 00 18 13 CHICAGO
CATTLE—Shipping
HOGS—Good to Choice...
SHEMP—Good to Choice...
FLOUR—Winter Patents.
Spring Patents.
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring...
CORN—No. 2
OATS—No. 2 White...
PORK—Standard Mess. CHICAGO. CATTLE—Shipping Steers... HOGS—Sales at. WHEAT—No. 2 (hard)... OATS—No. 3. FLOUR—High Grade.....ATS—Grade.....

EAT-No. 2. Red.

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